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A. Burgess -

The Low Beginning of a Marvelous Career
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WHEN A MERE BACKWOODS BOY, HUNGRY
FOR KNOWLEDGE, READING A BOOK BY THE DIM
FIRELIGHT IN HIS RUDE LOG-CABIN HOME.
From the painting by Eastman Johnson.
Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

LINCOLN CENTENNIAL NUMBER

The Unanswered Questions of a New Popular Play

By Harriet Quimby

HOW "The Battle," the new sociological play by Mr. Cleveland Moffett, came to be written is a question which presents itself to every thinking person who attends this most-discussed theatrical production of the season. Mr. Moffett is undoubtedly responsible for one of the most absorbing entertainments in New York, whether we agree or not with his treatment of the social problem. The hero in "The Battle" is a multi-millionaire, who believes that every man is responsible for the financial condition under which he lives. Poverty is the result of an idle brain and of extravagant habits, he contends, and he goes to prove that there is at least an element of truth in his view. The play is filled with unanswered questions.

"Start a trust on nothing and in so short a time! Impossible!" "Drew his characters from real life, no doubt," "One-sided argument," are some of the observations which fly back and forth between the acts of "The Battle," which, with Mr. Wilton Lackaye in the chief role, is playing to a mixed audience of millionaires and socialists every evening. "Bought by the trusts," "A rich man's play," are some of the accusations brought against the playwright. "Supposed to be Rockefeller—that Haggleton," says a man, indicating the character assumed by Mr. Lackaye, and so the interest is kept at white heat.

"How did I come to write it?" repeated Mr. Moffett, in reply to the question which had been brought home for solving. "It is a long story—one covering six years—and it will amuse you when I tell you that I was a radical when the groundwork of the play was sketched in, and I am still a radical, for that matter. Six years ago I wrote a series of articles attacking the rich man. They were entitled, 'The Shameful Misuse of Wealth,' and they contained facts which I had gathered from a careful investigation of East Side conditions. I still think there is a shameful misuse of wealth, but I have come to recognize that there are two sides to the story. A few years after those articles were published, my theories were exploited in a book which I called 'A King in Rags.' From the book the play was finally evolved—so there you are."

"The Battle" is not a mushroom growth, but was practically six years in the making. The final development of what has since turned out to be a play took place during a symphony concert in Carnegie Hall. While listening to the music the thought came, apparently from a clear sky, for I was given up to the enjoyment of the melody, 'Why not write a play in which your hero is a rich man who goes down into the slums to rescue his boy?' The situation seemed a possible one. I took it home to think over, and I finally worked it out in a four-act drama, which I called 'The Dreamer.' The hero of the play was Phillip, and the four acts were written around Phillip's views, as follows: 'Poverty is an ugly beast, a Frankenstein monster, created by the greedy and luxurious rich for their own undoing. Poverty begets seven lesser beasts, Ignorance, Disease, Drunkenness, Hunger, Nakedness, Vice, and Crime, which seven war ceaselessly upon society until they destroy it.'

"Haggleton's views in 'The Dreamer' were that poverty is the lot of the weak and the unworthy, the survival of the unfittest. Gentle grew much as he has remained in 'The Battle,' with his contention that poverty would disappear if there were a fair division of the products of toil. The play was primary and didactic, and—it failed. There was nothing new in the situations. It was the same old story of the attack on wealth which has been made by many playwrights during the last decade and before. Returning on a mental tour through my slum investigations of former years, the improvidence of the tenement dwellers struck me, and I began to gather facts from the other side. I rewrote the play, more with the idea of making an interesting entertainment than of exploiting any theory, and the result of the rewriting is 'The Battle.'

A brief summary of Mr. Moffett's story follows: John J. Haggleton has been deserted by his wife

because she disapproves of his methods of gaining wealth. With her she takes her son Phillip. Upon her death Phillip is adopted by Gentle. The play opens twenty years later. Phillip has grown up with his mother's ideas of right and wrong. He is an expert diver and he receives fair remuneration for his work, but, like Gentle, he is a socialist and he rebels against the indifference of the rich toward the suffering of the poor. Haggleton is the owner of the "lung block" on which the curtain rises in the first act. During a tour of inspection Haggleton meets Phillip and hears the boy frankly express his views. He learns later from Gentle that Phillip is the son from whom he has so long been separated. Recognizing the futility of trying, as a millionaire, to win even the respect of Phillip, Haggleton proposes to renounce his wealth for a time, to take another name, become a tenement worker, and prove to Phillip the fallacy of socialism.

Without drawing on his own resources, and starting out with only an active brain to aid him, Haggleton in a very short time—three days, in fact—has started a bakery trust by organizing into a body the very men who have heretofore so bitterly opposed trusts. On showing the ignorant bakers that, by combining forces, they can buy flour in larger quantities with less money; that, by installing a kneading machine which at a central station will knead the dough of all the bakeries, they can lessen the force of men employed by each; and, last but not least, that, by the power of their combined force, they can com-

pel all the bakeries in their vicinity to join them or be crushed out, he finds them more than willing to combine. Even the most ardent socialists forget their doctrines in the desire to better their own condition, at whatever cost to their neighbors. When even Phillip, who has so cordially opposed the methods of the trusts, begins to amend his prejudices and to scheme with the rest, the rich and the poor alike in the audience, on the other side of the footlights, are obliged to smile in appreciation of Mr. Moffett's comprehension of poor, frail human nature.

Does not the accomplishment of *Haggleton* seem impossible? was suggested to Mr. Moffett. "You mean that bake-shop scheme?" he returned. "No; I don't think it is impossible. *Haggleton*, you must remember, is a man accustomed to thinking, to battling with problems. He is accustomed to taking big risks, and the idea of starting a bakery trust with no capital of his own except an active brain is a perfectly natural one. It is possible to make money without a starting capital. Take, for instance, that simple little matter of transfer ships used by the metropolitan railways and the printing on the backs of them. A penniless man with the idea could have realized the half million or so of dollars which that one has been worth, just as quickly as a moneyed man could have done. The success lay in the thinking of it. I do not claim that I could do it, or that any one particular man could do it, but I maintain my point that it could be done.

"I have been assailed for introducing the shooting in 'The Battle,'" continued Mr. Moffett, "where Moran, the foreman in a bake shop, in a frenzy of rage against the capitalist, for no other reason than that he is a capitalist, shoots him—an incident which seems to foretell that the issue of the socialists' dream would be violence. For answer to that, I can only point to the very noticeable fact that during the meeting of the socialistic sympathizers in the theater one Sunday evening—a body which had gathered to expound their theories and to discuss my play—every reference to violence which was made was greeted with enthusiastic applause, while the saner and sounder methods of solving the great problem were received in silence."

The last act of the play at the Savoy discloses the Fifth Avenue home of Haggleton, and the curtain falls on the scene of *Haggleton* and Phillip, who have become reconciled, together with Gentle, discussing the ways and means by which ten million dollars, which Haggleton proposes to give to charity, can be distributed without pauperizing the very people whom they would seek to help. One proposes model tenements, only to have the fact recalled that many bathtubs on the east side are used for coal bins. Another thinks that a home for tuberculosis patients would be the ideal way of spending the money, but it is argued that all the people who suffer from poverty are not suffering from tuberculosis; and the curtain falls with the three puzzling over the question which has puzzled more than one philanthropist in real life.

"Why have I not answered that problem of how best to distribute great wealth to the greatest good?" said Mr. Moffett. "Because I do not know, and the easiest way was to drop the curtain and have the audiences work it out for themselves. I once made Herculean efforts to find an intelligent and possible mode of giving away money—a problem which had never been satisfactorily solved. I have talked with the chiefs of various charity organizations, only to find that, like *Haggleton* and Phillip and Gentle in 'The Battle,' they each had a different and generally unsatisfactory theory. Everything they proposed had been tried without satisfactory result. The central bureau of labor seems to me to be the only rational method by which rich men may do permanent good—a bureau where men and women could be sent to work where workers are needed; but that, too, has its drawbacks, in the objection of the people, many of whom would refuse to leave the cities to which they have been accustomed, having no liking for life in the country, being, in fact, unfitted for it; so I leave the question in the play just where I am obliged to leave it now—unanswered."

Mr. Moffett, who at one bound reached a place among the leading playwrights of the day, is now at work upon another play, which, before the first line was written, was contracted for by an enterprising manager fifteen minutes after the author had outlined the theme. "My new play will be a love story," said Mr. Moffett, "or perhaps I should say a passionate drama, containing an idea so gripping and so different from anything that has gone before that it cannot be totally ignored, even though it fails. The name of the play will be 'Ester Frear,' and the play will deal with the elemental feelings."



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CLEVELAND MOFFETT,
Author of "The Battle," a strong
play which attacks the socialistic
theory.



WHO'S WHO ON THE RIALTO.
87. WILTON LACKAYE AS "JOHN J. HAGGLETON"
IN "THE BATTLE."
Caricature by E. A. Goevey.



"HAGGLETON," THE MILLIONAIRE, IS FORCED TO LISTEN TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF HIS TENEMENT COMPANIONS—AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN "THE BATTLE."—National Photo Co.

Lincoln as a Famous Senator Knew Him

By United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York

I SPENT three months in the campaign of 1860 in continuous speaking for



PACH BROS.
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
United States Senator from
New York.

the chairman of the reception committee was Judge Nelson, then past eighty years of age, who had served in Congress with Mr. Lincoln. The President-elect stepped on to an extemporized platform and was introduced to the committee, and then the judge began the speech of welcome. The crowd was wild to hear Mr. Lincoln, but the judge continued speaking until the bell of the locomotive rang, and the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" Mr. Lincoln hastily jumped on the platform of the car, laughing heartily at the speaker, whose arms were gesticulating and whose closing sentence was half finished, while the audience cheered frantically and then roared with rage at the judge.

When the internal-revenue system was put in operation, the Republicans of Westchester and Rockland counties united on me for collector of that district. They gave Mr. Lincoln's friend, Judge Nelson, a formidable petition, signed by all the members of the congressional and county committees and indorsed by the chairman of the State committee. Mr. Lincoln received our party with great cordiality, and said, "I know of young Depew and the good work he did in the campaign; but a man named Hyatt, from your district, was here yesterday and told me of finding my brother at a country hotel sick with the smallpox, and, while everyone else fled, he remained and nursed my brother through (it was Mr. Lincoln's stepbrother), and promised him the place." "Why," said Mr. Nelson, "he is the most bitter copperhead in the county, and has denounced you everywhere in the most virulent way!" "A man who would do what he did," replied the President, "is all right at the bottom and will make good, and the appointment stands."

In 1864 the Legislature of New York passed a bill to permit the soldiers from the State to vote in the pending presidential election. There were about four hundred thousand in the field, and they were in corps, divisions, regiments, and isolated commands all over the South. The Legislature was largely Republican; the Governor, Horatio Seymour, a Democrat; and I, as secretary of state, a Republican. While in other States the collection of the soldiers' vote was given to the Governor, with us that duty was assigned to the secretary of state. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, put so many obstacles in the way that I was three months in Washington before he would grant the necessary information as to the location of New York soldiers, so that I could forward the blanks and arrange for the elections in camps and the return of the ballots and certification records. Mr. Lincoln was deeply interested in my mission, and so I saw him often under favorable conditions.

Mr. Stanton had very peremptorily refused the information, on the ground that it would come to the notice of the enemy and work irreparable damage to our army. As I was going down the hallway of the War Department, I met Elihu B. Washburne, congressman from Illinois, Mr. Lincoln's personal friend. He said, "Hello, Depew! You seem pretty mad." I told him I was, and that I was taking the next train home to inform the State that the administration would not permit the New York soldiers to vote, and that this was necessary to relieve me of responsibility. "Why," he answered, "that will beat Lincoln if he runs this fall, as he will. You don't know the President. Great as he is as an executive, he is equally able as a party manager, as we well know in Illinois, and if necessary he would go around with a carpet-bag and collect those votes himself. Wait here while I go over to the White House." In about an hour an officer came up to me and inquired if I was Secretary of State Depew, of New York; and, if so, the Secretary of War wished to see me at once. This most brusque and belligerent of all officials received me most graciously, and asked me to state what I wanted. I had done it often before, to be rudely turned down, but this time he directed a general to see immediately that the information was furnished. I left at midnight, with complete records. Out of three hundred thousand votes cast in the camps, two

hundred thousand were for Mr. Lincoln. He carried the State by only seven thousand majority.

Mr. Lincoln was a thin, spare man, large boned and apparently rather loose limbed, and six feet four inches in height. He had a very homely face, with a sad expression, as if weighted heavily with care and anxiety. But when earnestly discussing some question, and especially when telling a story, his countenance fairly beamed with the fire of his talk or the enjoyment of his anecdote. He always wore a black broadcloth suit, the coat a long-skirted frock, and a high vest, and, out of doors, the invariable silk top hat. His towering figure in this dress made him the marked man in every assemblage, and especially so when he rode on horseback every afternoon to his cottage at the Soldiers' Home, accompanied by a staff of brilliantly uniformed officers. In speaking, he had a peculiar cadence in his voice. This was caused by special emphasis on some word near the middle of the sentence, and a stronger one on the last word. He spoke very deliberately, and his sentences were so carefully constructed that the two words thus made prominent gave particular point to the remark. For instance, he said to me, after narrating several stories, "They say I tell a great many stories. I reckon I do; but I have learned from long experience that plain people, take them as they run, are more easily influenced through the medium of a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way; and what the hypercritical few may think, I don't care."

Mr. Lincoln possessed one of the most logical minds, but his logic was for formal efforts, like speeches or messages or important letters. Yet he rarely, if ever, in conversation met questions in this way. It was invariably by an anecdote in the nature of a parable. We must remember that almost the only book he had in the formative period of youth was the Bible, which he read over and over again.

General Sherman told me of an experience of his own with Mr. Lincoln and his suggestive method of solving difficult problems. The general said that the President was anxious that Jefferson Davis and the other leading members of the Confederate government should escape. He felt that, if they were in custody, it would embarrass the object he most desired—the pacification of the South and the restoration of the Union, with the late rebels participating as loyal citizens in all the privileges of American citizenship as before the war, under the old flag, except slavery. After the Confederacy broke up and its President and Cabinet were fugitives, the general, asking for orders, informed Mr. Lincoln that he could locate them every night, as they were fleeing along the coast, seeking transportation to Cuba or Europe. Mr. Lincoln knew that in the inflamed condition of the popular mind the people would not submit to an order for their release, but were crying for their arrest, trial, and punishment. So, instead of giving any directions, he looked the general steadily in the face for a few minutes, and then remarked, "I knew a brilliant lawyer who took to drink and sank into the gutter. The temperance folks reclaimed him, and then he became their most successful lecturer. Returning to Springfield, the bar gave a dinner of welcome. When the toast in his honor was proposed, the hosts insisted the guest should take spirits, as water would not express the warmth of their regard; and he finally yielded, by saying, 'Gentlemen, if you can put some whiskey in my glass unbeknownst to me, I will be happy to respond.'" Jefferson Davis was captured against the wishes of the President and the orders of General Sherman.

John Ganson, the leader of the bar in western New York, was elected to Congress as a Democrat, but he was one of the few of his party who cordially supported the President in his war measures. At a time when the country was discouraged by Union defeats, and the issue for the Union looked very dark, Mr. Ganson became worried. He was not only entirely bald, but his face was always as smooth as a billiard ball. He thought Congress should be kept informed of conditions at the front, and of the army and the methods taken to retrieve disasters. The President believed such confidence would leak out and help the enemy. Mr. Ganson went to the White House, had an immediate audience, and in his peremptory way said, "Mr. President, I, a Democrat, have risked my political future in supporting your administration; the situation seems perilous in the extreme, and I think I have a right to know the facts." Mr. Lincoln looked at him steadily for a minute, and then, as if communicating a secret of state, answered, "Ganson, how clean you shave!"

Thompson, Clay, and Saunders, distinguished Confederates, appeared at the Clifton House, on the Canada side at Niagara Falls, and announced that they were commissioners of the Confederate government and empowered to treat for peace. Mr. Lincoln thought it simply a shrewd diplomatic move to have him suspend military operations, so as to give the Confederates breathing time for recuperation, and nothing else. Thompson and Clay were old Whig politicians, and Horace Greeley believed in them. The story was told me by Mr. Lincoln in full, and then illustrated by a story which met the case on all fours. Without giving the anecdote, the rest is of historical interest. He said that after Greeley had written him several letters, urging him to treat with the Clifton

House trio, there came one day a missive, in which the editor said, "You can now have honorable peace, and at once, and every day you delay meeting those commissioners, the blood spilled and the money wasted in this war are upon your sole responsibility." Mr. Lincoln answered, "If you believe these commissioners have any credentials, and they were in the old days personal friends of yours, visit them quietly and let me know." Instead, Mr. Greeley made his headquarters on the American side, and opened formal negotiations across the river.

The country became demoralized, the army weakened, and the situation intolerable, when the President recalled Mr. Greeley and issued a proclamation saying that if any persons had power to treat on behalf of the Confederacy, they would have safe conduct to Washington and return. Then the scheme collapsed and the commissioners vanished. Mr. Greeley, in his newspaper, maintained the authority of the commission, and blamed Mr. Lincoln for the failure of the negotiations. The President was worried, and Postmaster-General Randall said to him, "Write a letter to the public, setting forth these facts, and the country will be with you"; and other members of the Cabinet gave similar advice. Mr. Lincoln's answer was, "All the newspapers in the country would publish my letter, and so would Greeley. After a while people would forget the matter, and Greeley would take a line or a sentence from my letter and comment on it, and so on day after day, until everybody would believe I had admitted that I was absolutely wrong and Greeley entirely right. No, my friends; never have a controversy with an editor, unless you own a paper of equal circulation. Your reply may be pure truth and stop his biting you, but you can neither keep off nor scrape off the mud he will throw on you."

Mr. Lincoln was always illustrating by anecdotes which clinched, and yet rarely repeated one. I asked him how he obtained so many good and apt stories. He answered that for many years he traveled the circuit when Illinois was sparsely settled. The judge, counsel, clients, witnesses, and jurymen would be at the same hotel. They were all story tellers. The experiences of a virile frontier people in new and original environment furnished more and better anecdotes than were ever invented, and he added, "I never forget a story, and think I tell one tolerably well."

I attended a reception at the White House with Rufus F. Andrews, at the time surveyor of the port of New York. As the procession moved along by the President with the usual greetings, Mr. Lincoln detained Andrews several minutes in a whispered conversation which halted the march. Curiosity was at its height not only among the guests, but in newspaper row and all over Washington as to that interview. Andrews and I had an apartment together, and he told me that, being at the White House the night before in a long conference over New York affairs, he told the President a new story. The procession was halted because Mr. Lincoln said in Andrews's ear, "That capital story of yours has slipped my mind; give the point of it to me now."

Mr. Lincoln's keen sense of humor was his salvation. It carried him through trials and troubles which would have crushed ordinary men. He found relief in the dialect sarcasms of Orpheus C. Kerr, whose "Confederate Crossroads Statesmen" pilloried the frauds of the time. He read a chapter from Artemia Ward to an astonished Cabinet, some of whom, like Chase, were always portentously serious, and then placed before them the momentous question of their lives by submitting the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation. He disposed of a committee of New York capitalists, who called to say that they had subscribed liberally to the government's bonds, and, fearing the Confederate ironclad might enter New York harbor and bombard the city, demanded protection. The spokesman remarked that the wealth of the gentlemen on the committee amounted to several hundred millions of dollars. The President examined them critically for a few minutes, and then said, "Gentlemen, the government has neither the money nor the ships for what you ask; but if I had as much wealth as you say you possess and was as *skeered* as you are, I would find means to protect my property."

Mr. Lincoln was the best-informed and ablest politician in the country. He knew the political conditions in all the States and kept in close touch with their organizations. He was keenly alive and active in State and congressional elections. Civil service was not then dreamed of, and patronage controlled parties. The appointments in the New York custom house were the most important factor in New York. Mr. Lincoln had offended Thurlow Weed, the State leader, by ignoring his recommendations and appointing Simeon Draper collector of the port and Rufus F. Andrews surveyor. These men were the President's personal friends. But prior to the election of 1864 he placated Mr. Weed by removing Andrews and giving the place to Mr. Weed's nominee, Abram Wakeman. The surveyor at the time had more appointments than all the other Federal officers in the State.

In Lincoln's time the upper part of the White House, which was subsequently partitioned into many offices, was a large reception room. Except a

(Continued on page 114.)

Recollections of Lincoln's Last Hours

By Hon. Frederick W. Seward, formerly Assistant Secretary of State of the United States

FORT SUMTER had surrendered on the fourteenth day of April, 1861. Four years of battle had



TOWNSEND.
FREDERICK W. SEWARD,
Assistant Secretary of State at the
time of Lincoln's assassination,
who was nearly killed by one
of the assassins.

General Speed, and Postmaster-General Dennison arrived, and the State Department was represented by the Assistant Secretary. Mr. Lincoln, with an expression of visible relief and content upon his face, sat in his study chair by the south window, chatting with them over "the great news." Some curiosity was expressed as to what had become of the heads of the rebel government—whether they would escape from the country or would remain to be captured and tried; and, if tried, what penalty would be visited upon them.

All the gentlemen present thought that, for the sake of general amity and good-will, it was desirable to have as few judicial proceedings as possible. Yet would it be wise to let the leaders in treason go entirely unpunished? Mr. Speed remarked that it would be a difficult problem if it should occur.

"I suppose, Mr. President," said Governor Dennison, "you would not be sorry to have them escape out of the country?"

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln slowly, "I should not be sorry to have them out of the country, but I should be for following them up pretty close to make sure of their going."

The conversation turning upon the subject of sleep, Mr. Lincoln remarked that a peculiar dream of the previous night was one that had recurred several times in his life—a vague sense of floating—floating away on some vast and indistinct expanse, toward an unknown shore. The dream itself was not so strange as the coincidence that each of the previous recurrences had been followed by some important event or disaster.

The usual comments were made by his auditors. One thought it was merely a matter of coincidences. Another laughingly remarked, "At any rate, it cannot presage a victory nor a defeat this time, for the war is over." A third suggested: "Perhaps at each of these periods there were possibilities of great change or disaster, and the vague feeling of uncertainty may have led to the dim vision in sleep."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Lincoln thoughtfully, "perhaps that is the explanation."

Mr. Stanton was the last to arrive, and brought with him a large roll of paper upon which he had been at work. General Grant entered, in accordance with the President's invitation, and was received with cordial welcomes and congratulations. He briefly and modestly narrated the incidents of the surrender. Mr. Lincoln's face glowed with approval when, in reply to his inquiry, "What terms did you make for the common soldiers?" General Grant said, "I told them to go back to their homes and families, and they would not be molested if they did nothing more."

Kindly feeling toward the vanquished, and hearty desire to restore peace and safety, at the South, with as little harm as possible to the feelings or the prop-

erty of its inhabitants, pervaded the whole discussion. At such a meeting, in such a time, there could be but one question—the restoration or re-establishment of the seceded States in their former relations as members of the Federal Union.

The conference was long and earnest, with little diversity of opinion, except as to details. One of the difficulties of the problem was who should be recognized as State authorities. There was a loyal Governor in Virginia, there were military Governors in some of the other States, but the Southern Legislatures were, for the most part, avowedly treasonable. Whether they should be allowed to continue until they committed some new overt act of hostility, whether the Governors should be requested to order new elections, whether such elections should be ordered by the general government—all these were questions raised.

Among many similar expressions of the President was the remark, "We cannot undertake to run State governments in all these Southern States. Their people must do that, though I reckon that, at first, they may do it badly."

The Secretary of War then unrolled his sheets of paper, on which he had drafted the outlines of reconstruction, embodying the President's views, and, as it was understood, those of the other members of the Cabinet. In substance, it was that the machinery of the United States government should be set in motion again in the South, that its laws should be faithfully executed and vigorously enforced, that everything like domestic violence or insurrection should be repressed, but that public authorities and private citizens should remain unmolested, if not found in actual hostility to the government of the Union.

It must have been about two o'clock when the Cabinet meeting broke up. At its close, the President remarked that he had been urged to visit the theater that evening, and asked General Grant if he would accompany him. The general excused himself, as he had a previous engagement. The Assistant Secretary of State asked the President at what time it would be convenient for him to receive the new British minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, who had arrived and was awaiting presentation. He paused a moment and replied, "To-morrow, at two o'clock," and then added, with a smile, "Don't forget to send up the speeches beforehand—I would like to look them over."

That was the ninth day since the serious carriage accident to Secretary of State Seward, and that

Night came, and about ten o'clock Dr. Norris, the last of the physicians who called during the evening, had taken his leave. The gas lights were turned low and all was quiet. In the sick-room with the secretary were his daughter Fanny and the invalid soldier nurse, George T. Robinson. The other members of the family had gone to their respective rooms, to rest before their turn of watching.

There seemed nothing unusual in the occurrence when a tall, well-dressed, but unknown man presented himself without, and, informing the servant that he brought a message from the doctor, was allowed to come up the stairs to the door of Seward's room. He was met here by the assistant secretary, who refused him admission, explaining that the sleeping invalid must not be disturbed. He paused, apparently irresolute. When advised to leave his message and go back to report to the doctor, he replied, "Very well, sir, I will go," and, turning away, took two or three steps down the stairs. Suddenly, turning again, he sprang up and forward, having drawn a navy revolver, which he leveled, with a muttered oath, and pulled the trigger.

And now, in swift succession, like the scenes of some hideous dream, came the bloody incidents of the night—of the pistol missing fire; of the struggle in the dimly lighted hall between the armed man and the unarmed one; of the blows which broke the pistol of the one and fractured the skull of the other; of the bursting in of the door; of the mad rush of the assassin to the bedside, and his savage slashing with a bowie knife at the face and throat of the helpless secretary, instantly reddening the white bandages with streams of blood; of the screams of the daughter for help; of the attempt of the invalid soldier nurse to drag the assailant from his victim, receiving sharp wounds himself in return; of the noise made by the awakening household, inspiring the assassin with hasty impulse to escape, leaving his work done or undone; of his frantic rush down the stairs, cutting and slashing all whom he found in his way, wounding one in the face and stabbing another in the back; of his escape through the open doorway, and his flight on horseback down the avenue.

Five minutes later the aroused household were gazing, horrified, at the bleeding faces and figures in their midst, were lifting the insensible form of the secretary from a pool of blood, and sending for surgical help. Meanwhile, a panic-stricken crowd was

surging in from the street, to the hall and rooms below, vainly inquiring or wildly conjecturing what had happened. For these, the horrors of the night seemed to culminate when later comers rushed in with the intelligence that the President had also been attacked at the same hour—had been shot at Ford's Theater, had been carried to a house in Tenth Street, and was lying there, unconscious and dying.

On the following day Secretary Stanton telegraphed to General Sherman:

Washington, April 15th, 1865,

12 M.

President Lincoln was murdered about 10 o'clock last night in his private box at Ford's Theater in this city, by an assassin who shot him through the head with a pistol ball. The assassin leaped from the box, brandishing a dagger, exclaiming "Sic semper tyrannis," and that Virginia was avenged. Mr. Lincoln fell senseless from his seat, and continued in that state until twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock, at which time he breathed his last. General Grant was published to be at the theater but did not go. About the same time Mr. Seward's house was entered by another assassin, who stabbed the Secretary in several places. It is thought he may possibly recover, but his son Frederick will probably die of

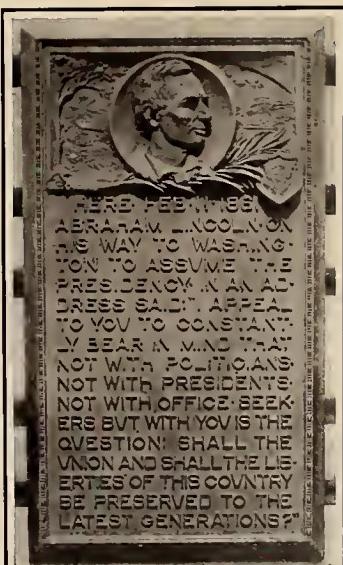
wounds received from the assassin. Vice-President Johnson now becomes President, and will take the oath of office and assume the duties to-day. I have no time to add more than to say that I find evidence that an assassin is also on your track, and I beseech you to be more heedful than Mr. Lincoln was of such knowledge.

Edwin M. Stanton.

Secretary of War.

The country was plunged in grief. Indeed, the whole civilized world was startled by the news of the bloody crimes at Washington. The cities were draped in mourning for the murdered President. Hourly bulletins of the condition of the Secretary of State gave little hope that he could survive his wounds. The number and the purposes of the conspirators were

(Continued on page 114.)

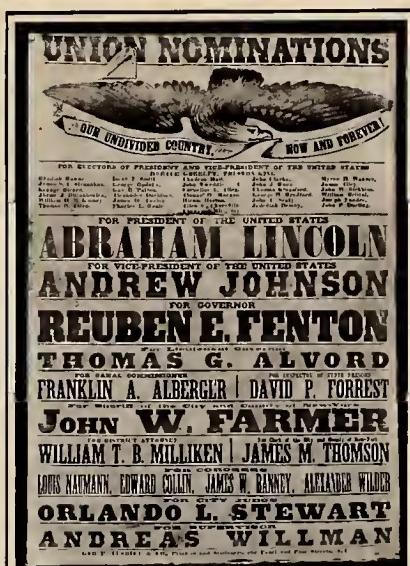


A HISTORIC SPOT—TASSEL ON THE WALL OF THE CLAYPOOL HOTEL, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., SHOWING WHERE LINCOLN DELIVERED A NOTABLE SPEECH FEBRUARY 11TH, 1861, EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON.
Harry G. Brown.

TWO INTERESTING REMINDERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

statesman still lay helpless and suffering, his symptoms alternately inspiring hopes of recovery or grave apprehensions that he could not survive. The physicians held frequent consultations, the family took turns in watching at his bedside, and two invalid soldiers were sent to assist in his care. Aggravated pain and inflammation brought on occasional delirium, but every day, although unable to talk, he would intitate his desire to be informed of current events. He essayed to make a suggestion or two in reference to a Thanksgiving proclamation and in regard to the relations with Great Britain, but, after enunciating a few words with difficulty, he could not continue. He listened with a look of pleasure to the narration of the events at the Cabinet meeting.

*Frederick W. Seward.

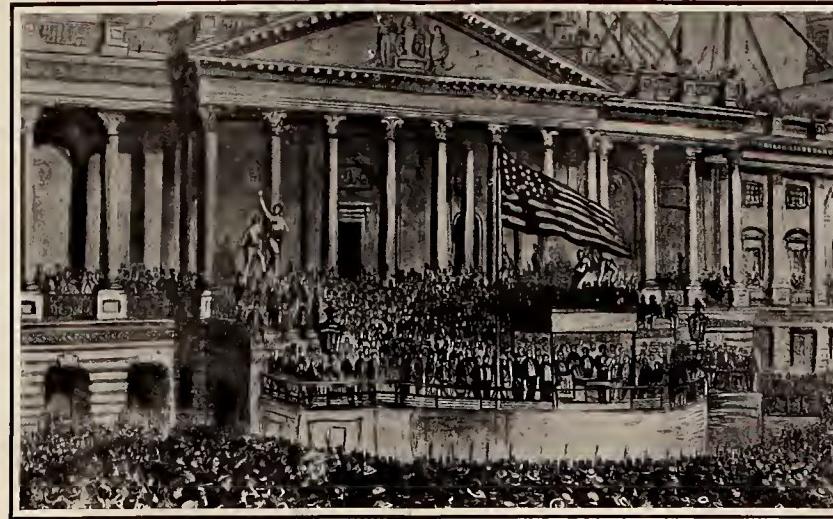


A RARE POLITICAL RELIC—FOSTER OF THE UNION PARTY IN 1864, DISPLAYING THE NAMES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS FOR NEW YORK STATE AND OF THE NATIONAL AND STATE CANDIDATES WHO WERE ELECTED—THIS POSTER HANGS AT THE REPUBLICAN CLUB IN NEW YORK CITY.—H. D. Blauvelt.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



NEW YORK'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME OF LINCOLN ON HIS WAY TO THE INAUGURATION IN 1861.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN READING HIS FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS ON THE CAPITOL STEPS AT WASHINGTON, MARCH 4TH, 1861.



SECOND INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT AT THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON, MARCH 4TH, 1865.



THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809.



LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET CONSIDERING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.
Left to right—Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Abraham Lincoln, President; Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; William H. Seward, Secretary of State (in foreground); Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General; Edward Bates, Attorney-General.—By courtesy of *New York Independent*.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH IN THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE BOX AT FORD'S THEATER, WASHINGTON, APRIL 14TH, 1865—BOOTH ESCAPED AT THE TIME, BUT WAS OVERTAKEN BY SOLDIERS IN VIRGINIA, AND WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT.



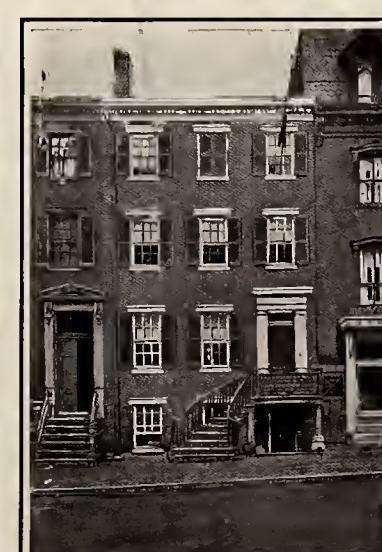
LINCOLN'S RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., BEFORE HIS ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY.—H. F. Faulkner.



LAST MOMENTS OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT—MEMBERS OF THE CABINET AND OTHER PROMINENT PERSONS SORROWFULLY AWAITING THE DEATH OF THE ASSASSIN'S VICTIM.



FORD'S THEATER AT WASHINGTON IN WHICH MR. LINCOLN WAS SHOT BY BOOTH.



HOUSE OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATER, IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN BREATHED HIS LAST.



BAD AND IMPRESSIVE SCENE—FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AS THEY LAY IN STATE IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, APRIL 19TH, 1865.

The Triumph and the Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln's Wonderful Career

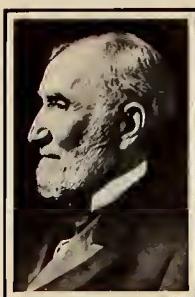
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The Man Lincoln As Notable Men Saw Him

LINCOLN IN HIS HOME STATE.

By Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the National House of Representatives.

I DID not have an intimate acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, and yet I feel that I knew him well.



COURTESY, 1908 BY CLINE & CO.

JOSEPH G. CANNON,
Speaker of the House of Representatives
at Washington.

I went to Illinois in 1858 and began the practice of law in the same judicial circuit where Mr. Lincoln had practiced for many years, and where he had many clients and intimate friends. In fact, everybody in that part of Illinois knew Mr. Lincoln, or knew much about him, so that no man could be with them long without feeling that he too, was acquainted with him.

My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln was in June, 1860, when the Republican State convention was held at Decatur to select delegates to the national convention. I lived at Tuscola, and, with a party of Republicans, drove across the prairies to Decatur to attend the convention. The distance was about forty miles, and we traveled in a two-horse farm wagon. When we drove into Decatur and through the main street, one of our party, a man by the name of Vaudron, said, "There's Abe!" and called out to a tall man on the sidewalk, "Howdy, Abe!" to which Mr. Lincoln responded, with like familiarity, "Howdy, Arch!" A little later one of our party wanted to send a telegram, and we went to the railroad station, where the only telegraph office in the town was located. There we met Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Vaudron expressed surprise at seeing him, and asked if he had come to the convention, being a candidate for President. Lincoln looked at his questioner for a moment, and then, with a drawl, replied, "I'm most too much of a candidate to be here, and not enough of one to stay away."

The convention was held the next day, in what was called a wigwam, though it would hardly be called that now. It was an open space or lot between two buildings. Posts made from saplings had been set into the ground at the open ends of the lot, so as to form a support for a roof of green boughs to serve as a shade, and rough boards were placed on short lengths of logs to form the seats. The two ends were open. The convention was practically out of doors. I went to the convention and was in the crowd outside the line of supporters for the roof of boughs. Soon after the convention was opened there was a call from the platform to open a passage and let John Hanks and Dick Oglesby through, with two big walnut rails that had been split by Lincoln and Hanks. The crowd surged back to make a passageway for Hanks and Oglesby, and they carried the rails to the platform, where they were placed, with a cotton streamer bearing the legend, "These rails were made by John Hanks and Abraham Lincoln in 1830."

A little while later in the proceedings there was another announcement, this time from outside, "Mr. Lincoln is here." He had appeared on the outskirts of the crowd, was instantly recognized, and his presence announced to those on the platform. The cry went up to bring him to the platform, but there was then no way of getting through the dense crowd that filled the whole place and surrounded the platform. But strong and enthusiastic men caught up Mr. Lincoln and literally passed him hand over hand to the platform, while everybody cheered and demanded a speech. When he reached the platform, Mr. Lincoln smiled and bowed, but refused to make a speech and take up the time of the convention. He was asked if he had split the rails that had been brought into the convention, and he replied, "John Hanks says I split those rails. I don't know whether we did or not, but we have made many a better one."

I did not see Lincoln again until after the election. He had been chosen President of the United States by the people, and there were already threats of war, of secession, and of assassination before I met him again, but he was the same cordial and seemingly commonplace man of that day in Decatur. I was on the train going from Tuscola to Mattoon, and met Mr. Lincoln, who was also on the train, going to Charleston to pay a last visit to his stepmother, who lived at Farmington, a few miles from that place. He was, of course, the most distinguished man on the train, and he was constantly surrounded by the other passengers, who desired to shake hands and have a word with him. But he was just one of the passengers in the day coach, in all his bearings. He had no bodyguard, and Senator Tom Marshall, of Coles County, was his only traveling companion. I was again introduced, but exchanged only a few words with him, because all were anxious to meet him. That was the last time I saw Lincoln. I was not in Washington at any time during his administration. I have, like all Illinois people who met Mr. Lincoln, felt that I knew him well. I became the intimate friend of many who

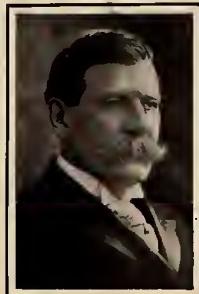
were intimate with Mr. Lincoln, and from them I no doubt absorbed much of this feeling that I knew the man almost intimately.

The reputation of Mr. Lincoln as a story teller did him some injustice, for not only the stories he told, but many that are apocryphal, have given many people an impression that he told stories to be entertaining. Judge David Davis, Governor Richard Oglesby, and other men who were intimately associated with Mr. Lincoln always insisted that he never told a story except to illustrate a point in an argument and make it plainer, and never for the love of telling the story or being entertaining. Lincoln's whole life was given to serious consideration of serious problems before the people, and he gave his life to the people not only in the final sacrifice, but in all his study and efforts from the time he enlisted in the Black Hawk War.

LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS OF HEART.

By General Horace Porter.

MR. LINCOLN'S intellect was so towering, and impressed itself so profoundly upon the Ameri-



PACH BROS.
GENERAL HORACE PORTER,
of New York, soldier, diplomat
and orator.

can people, that he has not always been given due credit for his remarkable tenderness of heart. A child-like simplicity was mingled with the grandeur of his nature. His affection for children was a characteristic trait of his nature. When, during his presidency, his little son, "Tad," died—the boy in whom his deepest affections centered—the grief of the father was pathetic in the extreme, and in the next few months ten years seemed to have been added to his age.

Whenever children were brought into his presence, he never failed to take notice of them, speak kindly to them, and write his autograph in the little albums. In the memorable words addressed to the sorely bereaved widow, all of whose sons had fallen on the field of battle, there is an outburst of sympathy which makes his letter the most pathetic message ever dictated by a human heart. In his famous speech at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg, the heart spoke even more conspicuously than the head in that matchless specimen of oratory.

His sympathies went forth to animals as well as to his fellow-men. Upon one of his visits to General Grant's headquarters in front of Petersburg, just before the Appomattox campaign began, he stepped into the telegraph operator's tent in company with Colonel Bowers, our Adjutant-General. I was in the tent at the time, and my attention was attracted to three tiny kittens crawling about the floor. The mother had died, and the little wanderers in their grief were mewing pitifully. Mr. Lincoln picked them up tenderly, sat down on a camp chair, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured, "Poor little creatures! Don't cry! You'll be taken good care of." Then, turning to Bowers, he said, "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of good milk and treated kindly." "I will see that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess and well cared for, Mr. President," replied Bowers. Three times I saw the President go to that tent during his short visit, and pick up those little kittens, fondle them, and take out his handkerchief and wipe their eyes as they lay on his lap, purring their gratitude. It seemed a strange sight, on the eve of battle, when every one was thinking only of the science of destruction, to see the hand that by a stroke of the pen had loosened the shackles of four millions of bondsmen and had signed the commission of every officer of that gallant army, from the general-in-chief to the humblest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It was a trivial circumstance, but it spoke more eloquently than words of the kindness of his heart.

This tenderness of heart at one time led to the pardoning of so many condemned deserters that it became serious, in largely increasing the number of desertions, and the President had to be remonstrated with by the higher military officers. This was the only manner, however, in which this dominant trait in his nature ever prompted him to shrink from the stern duties of his public position. General Grant once said, in presence of the writer, in commenting upon this characteristic of the President, "The more I see of him, the more he impresses me. Many think, from the gentleness of his character, that he has too yielding a nature; but while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman."

Horace Porter

LAST MEETING OF LINCOLN AND SEWARD.

IT WAS a sunny spring afternoon when the department doors were closed, on Wednesday, the fifth of April, and Seward went out for his customary drive, accompanied by his son and daughter and a young friend of the latter. On their way up Vermont Avenue, the horses, which were young and spirited, took fright and became unmanageable. The driver lost control of them. Seward, in attempting to spring to the ground, was thrown violently upon the pavement. A crowd gathered to raise him, but found him unconscious. He was carried home and placed upon his bed. Physicians were sent for, and Dr. Norris, the army medical director, making a careful examination, found his right shoulder badly dislocated and his jaw broken on both sides. His partial return to consciousness was accompanied with agonizing pain. The surgeon-general and others of the medical staff were summoned, anxious consultations were held, a telegram sent to Mrs. Seward, who was at Auburn, and everything practicable done for his relief and comfort. On the following day Mrs. Seward came. Nurses and watchers were provided. The dislocation was reduced, but it was found impossible to keep the jaw in position. Fever set in, and grave apprehensions were entertained by his medical attendants that his system would not survive the injuries and the shock.

During the next few days the whispered consultations in the darkened sick-room were occasionally interrupted by sounds of cheering and merry music in the streets outside. There was much popular anxiety as to "the accident of the Secretary of State," but the newspapers, of course, took a hopeful view and gave assurance of his speedy recovery. Meanwhile, the news of the great Union successes, at and around the rebel capital, spread abroad. Improvised meetings and processions were hourly occurring, and all Washington seemed pervaded with exultation.

When the President returned to Washington, he hastened to visit Seward in his sick chamber. It was in the evening, the gas lights were turned down low, and the house was very still, every one moving very softly and speaking in whispers. The injured secretary was helpless and swathed in bandages, on his sick-bed, in the center of the room. The extreme sensitiveness of the wounded arm made even the touch of the bed clothing intolerable. To keep it free from their contact, he was lying on the edge of the bed, farthest from the door. Mr. Lincoln, entering with kindly expressions of sympathy, sat down on the bed, by the invalid's side.

"You are back from Richmond?" whispered Seward, who was hardly able to articulate.

"Yes," said Lincoln; "and I think we are near the end at last."

Then, leaning his tall form across the bed and resting on his elbow, so as to bring his face near that of the wounded man, he gave him an account of his experiences "at the front." Seward listening with interest, but unable to utter a word without pain. They were left together for half an hour or more, then the door opened softly and Mr. Lincoln came out gently, intimating by a silent look and gesture that Seward had fallen into a feverish slumber and must not be disturbed. It was their last meeting.—From "Seward at Washington," by Hon. Frederick W. Seward, formerly Assistant Secretary of State.

Labor's Big Share of Railway Profits.

"OUT OF every hundred dollars earned by the railroads, only nine dollars go to the owners, the shareholders, representing less than four per cent. on the face value of the securities." This astonishing assertion was made recently by W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the Vanderbilt lines. He said that the railroads receive more and keep less than any other department of business activity in this country. Out of each one hundred dollars earned, forty dollars are directly paid out to the employés on the pay-rolls of the railroad, eight dollars are expended for fuel, waste, oil, and water; and seven dollars of the eight dollars go to pay for labor required to produce these supplies. Eighteen dollars are paid for steel rails, ties, cars, structural steel work, engines, stationery, and endless minor supplies. Of the eighteen dollars, approximately sixteen dollars go for labor. Five dollars are paid for permanent improvements, such as additions to yards, additional tracks, and the like; and four dollars of the five dollars go to labor. Three dollars go to pay taxes, two dollars for rent of terminals, etc.

Fourteen dollars are paid as interest on bonds which represent borrowed money for original construction, the sum of which amounts to less than an average of four per cent. on the face value of the bonds. Nine dollars go to the owners of the railroads—the stockholders—representing less than four per cent. of the face value of the stock. One dollar is put into the surplus fund to guard against emergency and for necessary improvements. Thence, out of every hundred dollars earned, approximately seventy-one dollars are immediately disbursed, the greater part of which is absorbed by labor. Such small returns on invested capital show the necessity of granting the railroad industry of the country full consideration for the difficulties under which it operates, lest the slightest injustice might cripple beyond remedy the great arteries of the nation's commerce.



A NOTABLE FESTIVAL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

GRAND BANQUET AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTH OF THE SCOTCH POET, ROBERT BURNS.

Reproduced from *Leslie's Weekly*, February 5th, 1859, and copyrighted.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *Leslie's Weekly*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications regarding such subjects may be introduced as personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, *Leslie's Weekly*, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.

LAST week I called the attention of my readers to the great service life-insurance companies are rendering the state. An excellent example of what one old-line company—the New York Life—is doing will be found in its report, which appears in another column. In it, the president of the company, Darwin P. Kingsley, tells the policy-holders a number of facts that should be just as interesting to the general public as to those who carry policies. During the year just passed, nearly fifty million dollars—\$49,191,258.40, to be exact—were paid to policy-holders by the New York Life. The fact should not be lost sight of that actual money was paid. Then, too, it was paid when funds were sorely needed. No sacrifice of business or of real estate had to be made. In the case of death losses, beneficiaries were paid a partial equivalent of the earning value of the life prematurely cut short. This attempt to relieve the family from the heavy burden that would fall upon it through no fault of the father, by distributing the burden among a large number of fathers whose lives are not prematurely cut short, is one of the grandest conceptions of the human mind.

Didn't Know

COFFEE WAS THE CAUSE.

Many daily habits, particularly of eating and drinking, are formed by following our elders.

In this way ill health is often fastened upon children. A Georgia lady says: "I had been allowed to drink coffee ever since I can remember, but even as a child I had a weak stomach, which frequently refused to retain food."

"The taste of coffee was in my mouth all the time, and was, as I found out later, the cause of the stomach rebelling against food."

"I now see that it was only from following the example of my elders that I formed and continued the miserable habit of drinking coffee. My digestion remained poor, nerves unstrung, frequent headache, and yet I did not suspect the true cause."

"Another trouble was a bad, muddy complexion, for which I spent time and money for creams, massaging, etc., without any results."

"After I was married I was asked to try Postum, and, would you believe it, I, a old coffee toper, took to Postum from the very first. We made it right—according to directions on the package—and it had a most delicate flavor, and I at once quit coffee, with the happiest results."

"I now have a perfectly clear, smooth skin, fine digestion, and haven't had a headache in over two years."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Best of all, the life-insurance companies have proved beyond the permissibility of doubt that this conception works just as well in practice as in theory. In speaking of the enormous assets of his company—over a half billion dollars—President Kingsley says, "Our assets are large because our liabilities are large. Our liabilities are large because we are doing a large work." Legislators who strike at the work done by life insurance, or who would limit the amount of work done, are, though possibly unintentionally, striking at helpless widows and fatherless children.

K., Oil City, Pa.: If you are not insurable elsewhere it would be advisable to continue your policy, though it might be much better placed.

L. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.: If there is a twenty-year endowment you can amend it, continue payment of the premiums and take advantage of the endowments at a time of life when they may be quite welcome.

C., Pittsburgh, Pa.: The Pittsburgh Life and Trust was incorporated as recently as 1903. From its annual statement it appears to be doing a fairly profitable business. My own preference would be for a larger and older company.

O., New Salem, N. D.: I never recommended the Mutual Reserve, first because of its assessment feature, and subsequently because of its checkered career.

I doubt if there will be much left for payment of such claims as yours but whenever there is the result will not differ greatly.

M., New Salem, N. D.: It seems to me that the consolidation of the companies might work out to the advantage of both, but it has joined forces with considerably less than clearness. Both will depend upon the conservatism and ability of the management. I do not regard either of the companies as by means among the strongest.

J. M., Oil City, Pa.: The company has only been organized for a few years and it is difficult to say how it will stand when it is fully developed. It appears to be established. It seems to me that the price you quote for the stock is more than you would realize if you offered any for sale. The expenses of the company are very heavy and the nothing paid recently attracts about the option. A great deal of these matters not because I am familiar with the company's condition, for I confine my answers to questions concerning insurance administration rather than finance.

P., Brooklyn, N. Y.: At your age, if you are simply seeking a life insurance with no benefits to yourself but only to your dependents, a straight life would be the cheapest. You will require to have such companies as insurance and also of an accumulation fund, a twenty-year endowment at your age would be very handy. If you will state your age and write to "Department S, Prudential Life, Newark, N. J.", and ask for their catalogues of straight life and endowment policies, they will be promptly sent you without charge and will help to enlighten you.

Hermit
+ +

Recent Deaths of Noted Persons.

R. T. REV. BERNARD J. M'QUAID, Bishop of Rochester, founder of Seton Hall College, noted theological writer, at Rochester, N. Y., January 18th, aged 86.

Thomas William Coke, second Earl of Leicester, at Wells, Norfolk, England, January 24th, aged 66.

General Stefano Ganzio, famous follower of Garibaldi, at Genoa, Italy, January 15th, aged 72.

Commander Jefferson Brown, U. S. N., retired, aid of Admiral Farragut in Civil War, at Brooklyn, N. Y., January 17th, aged 67.

Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Harris, secretary of Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, noted divine, at New York, January 24th, aged 67.

General William P. Craighill, prominent civil and military engineer, Civil War veteran, at Charleston, W. Va., January 18th, aged 76.

Most Rev. Arthur Sweatman, Archbishop of Toronto and Primate of all Canada, at Toronto, Ont., January 24, aged 64.

Maria de Macchi, Italy's most famous dramatic soprano, at Milan, January 18th, aged 41.

Like Legal Tender

A package of Uneeda Biscuit is always a fair exchange for its cost, because Uneeda Biscuit are the best of all soda crackers. They are not expensive; on the contrary, Uneeda Biscuit is one of the least expensive of foods. There is no waste. There is most nourishment. Always fresh and crisp. Never stale. No broken crackers. Always whole and inviting. There can be no better soda crackers than

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No. 43 *T. H. Sweetman* Secretary.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN'S LAST HOURS

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By: Hon. Frederick W. Seward

Leslie's Weekly: February 4, 1909